

1913

GLEANER

*“Why are you so brief? Do you no longer love song
As you did? Yet as a youth when you sang
In those days of hope,
You never found the end!”*

*“Like my joy, is my song. In sunset glow
Would you bathe joyfully? All is gone, the earth is cold
And the night-bird whirrs
Uncomfortably before your eyes.”*

*from “Brevity”
by Friedrich Holderlin*

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*Thinking of now and tomorrow and what, after that.
Plans of then are put aside for now, to pave
tomorrows way.
But that was the way it was before today
 yesterday.*

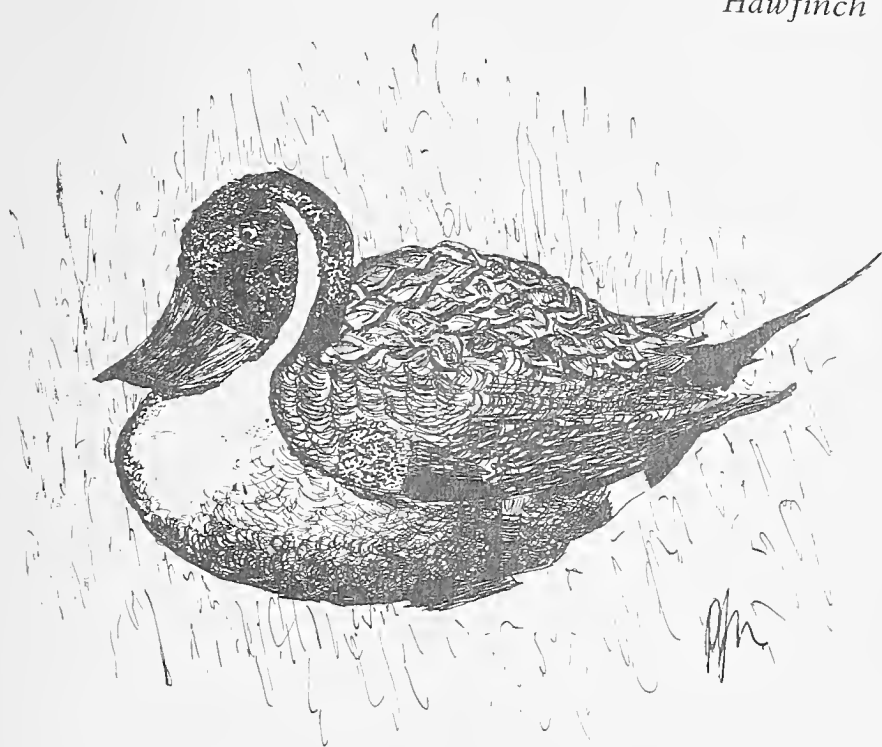
*Yesterday I put aside the dreams of today
So I could pave the way for this day that now
I answer only with "maybe tomorrow."*

*Being and becoming are the same today,
They are the same at every moment.
Tomorrow's becoming is paved only by today's being.*

John Shiel

the cold is seeping into my room and door.
fall ran away before i could tell it true.
crisp cold apples i never picked, and the colors
browns and oranges prevail this season.
and falling leaves detail its reason,
and with each sun it creeps away.
the winter calls me to its chill,
the moon is clear and the sky is mine.
to venture in till the day light time.
to sit beneath and count the falling stars.
light grows scarce and darkness flourishes,
and the morning sun no longer warms my face,
i must adapt to winter's pace.

Hawfinch





A TOUR OF THE FALL EDIBLE PLANTS WITH EWELL GIBBONS

BY MIKE WELLER

The trip started Saturday morning at 8:00 A.M. and ended Sunday afternoon at 2:00 P.M. We started at Ewell's house and foraged for our meals around the area of Pennsylvania. The group consisted of three ladies and six men. A free-lance photographer also accompanied us on the trip.

The trip began at Mr. Gibbon's house, observing his wild plant garden and gathering such items as Jerusalem artichokes and wild onions. We then traveled around the Troxeville area to obtain persimmons, watercress, walnuts, hickory nuts, ground cherries, wild parsnips, sheep sorrel and plants to brew up catnip and round leaf teas.

Our next stop was Beaver Springs where we encountered American thistle, evening primrose, cat-o'-nine-tails, dandelion and mustard greens.

All this foraging around took the better part of a Saturday. The rest of the day was spent in cleaning, cooking and eating these specimens.

We started with the artichokes. We washed them off and placed them in a pot of boiling water, after which they were peeled somewhat like peeling a potato. They were boiled again and then eaten like potatoes.

The evening primroses, American thistles and wild parsnip roots were washed and skinned like carrots. We cut them into pieces and fried them in a pan.

The ground cherries were boiled in water with lime and sugar. They were then taken out and cooled.

Watercress, mustard greens, dandelion and sheep sorrel were tossed into a salad with a bacon and mayonnaise dressing.

This constituted Saturday night supper. As for drink we made round leaf mint tea by soaking mint leaves in hot water until a desired strength was obtained.

We used the remaining plants collected for a Sunday brunch. We took our persimmons, hickory and walnuts and mixed them into a pancake batter. We fried them as you would regular pancakes and topped them with a fried applesauce . . . delicious!

If anyone is interested in naturalism like this, our library has a couple of good books written by Ewell Gibbons; he's a fascinating individual.



*A mist stream - and you there in the light
This cool dizzy shine
Swirling on the black waves.
Blue, blue angel
Lovely soul tinged in shade.
Falling lightly over me . . .
Melting on me . . .
Dreaming in me.*

Ana Simon



DISTORTED IMAGE

*While the monsters roam the world above
I sit below still in love
Oh, it's not that I don't care - you see
It's just that I can't dare to be*

*Another man so far from home
A different man, so far alone
Freed to run, so far to roam
Freed to find what I've never known*

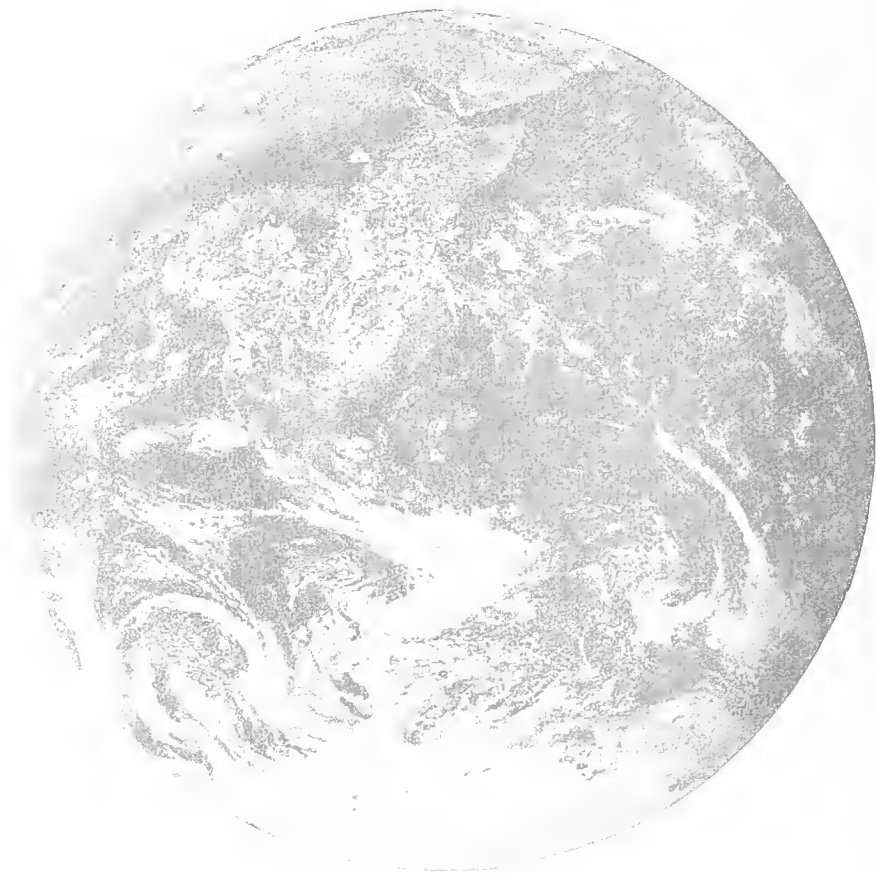
*While the milkmaid scamps a paper dove
I climb the ropes with plastic glove
Oh it's not that I can't stand the length - you see
It's just that I don't have the strength - to be*

*An Indian in the city stripped of bow on back
A Black man in a suburb pointed jointed jack
An animal on playing cards wrought with iron wings
A queen to bishop four - beat - then taken out by kings.*

*Arachnid figure crawls in a wooden floor
I cry below and know I'm much more
Oh it's not that I can't walk - you see
It's just that I can't unlock and be*

*A richer man without a home
A saner man - so far alone
A truthfirst man to kiss the loam
Just one more day before I'm grown.*

Howard Mark Mandel



*It's not the fast tempo of today's
technological world that kills.
It's the tedious boredom,
the lack of strong interest in something,
and failure to grow.
It's the feeling that nothing is worthwhile
that makes men
ill
and unhappy.*

THE HEAT UNIT THEORY

BY RAY D. BLEW

The Heat Unit Theory was fully developed by Dr. C. W. Thorntwaite, Director of the John Hopkins University Laboratory of Climatology working in conjunction with the Seabrook Farms Co. He determined that a plant's rate of growth and development can be determined by its rate of transpiration, which is essentially controlled by air temperature and light. To define this more precisely:

Evapotranspiration

Each crop has a threshold temperature, below which, no growth occurs. Any temperature above this threshold causes evapotranspiration. It has been determined that a certain number of cubic centimeters of water will evapotranspire at a certain temperature. These units are established and are recorded on a standard key for the local area.

A mean temperature of the 24 hour period is determined. This figure is projected into the key (Rates of Potential Evapotranspiration). The number adjacent to it indicates the number of cubic centimeters evapotranspired that day for that temperature.

Sunlight Duration

The single most important remaining factor affecting plant growth and development is sunlight duration. This is established and standardized for a given latitude. A duration of 12 hours does not affect rates of evapotranspiration so, for each 12 hour period of sunlight in a day, the multiplying factor given it equals "1". On a March day when the daylight hours are few, a factor of ".88" would be common. This would indicate about 11 hours. On the other hand, a long July day may be almost 15 hours, so we would give it a factor of "1.25". When multiplying this factor times the cubic centimeters evapotranspired one can obtain the Heat Units accumulated for the 24 hour period.

If one knows the average of Heat Units accumulated each particular day, over a period of many years, and the Heat Units required for a crop, one can predict with reasonable accuracy its day of maturity.

For Example

Today is June 1st. We planted a field of green snap beans this afternoon. Snap beans require 2400 Heat Units from planting to maturity. The Heat Units accumulated in the local area as of

yesterday were 1600.

Given a mean temperature today of 76° F ; my key indicates that at 76° , a plant will transpire 40 cubic centimeters of water per day. My Sunlight Duration key indicates that on June 1st daylight lasts about 15 hours (1.25). Therefore we multiply $40 \times 1.25 = 50$ Heat Units accumulated today. Total Heat Units to date are $1600 + 50 = 1650$. Snap beans require 2400 Heat Units, so we add $1650 + 2400 = 4050$. My growth index indicates that, on the average, by July 23rd, 4050 Heat Units have accumulated. I will harvest this crop of snap beans planted today within two days of July 23rd.

This theory is dependent upon good conditions and will vary with improper pH, uneven fertilization or irrigation, rolling topography, soil types and plant diseases. The theory is usually always accurate within two to three days.

The chief advantage of utilization of the Heat Unit theory is arranging the planting of various crops in a manner to adjust to farm or factory capacities. More information can be obtained, free of charge, by mailing or dropping a note to Ray D. Blew, Box 400, DVC.



Time passes so quickly

*all of our dreams and aspirations
for the future
become realities or nightmares
of the present,
then slowly become objects
of the past.*

DHR

*Ramble on, sweet wander woods
Rest finds its way in you
Led on by the sumac candelabras
Misted through a spider's silk
In the dark soil scents, each of its own color
Through the tree limbs looped
With the sun's sky sculpture cast below . . .*

An Autumn Walk thru Penn's Woods

Ana Simon



*I sleep and beckon my dreams,
as I lie upon the soft green
cushions of my imagination
And await warm, Spring thoughts
under the summer sun -
contented*

*I am shaded from all trouble
by a green leaved canopy above,
I am shaded, yet bits of blue
sky pass through my mind,
And become clouded illusions,
And I'm rich with the thought of heaven*

*I follow the flight of a butterfly,
and ponder as to what he is
thinking,
And as I pondered, it was gone*

*I close my eyes and feel a raindrop
upon my lashes,
And I thank God, for a few precious
moments, I could shut out my sorrows
And wonder at the joy of little things.*

LBN

*No strings,
hang loose.
It's painless . . .
Or one small, long pain
That settles in -
Like the winter snow
smothers the late fall flowers . . .*

Barb Novak



*You polish that of yesteryear
And fear its moaning obsequies.
You sleep my moats of laughing tears
In castles of quintessence.*

*No tarnish left of yesteryear
But bitter taste of morrow near.
Now, compose a dirge for death of sleep
You of purest essence.*

Ray D. Blew



*“Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,*

*Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth*

*The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?”*

*from Percy Bysshe Shelley’s
“Ode to the West Wind”*

